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Poem - In Memory of O.O. Howard

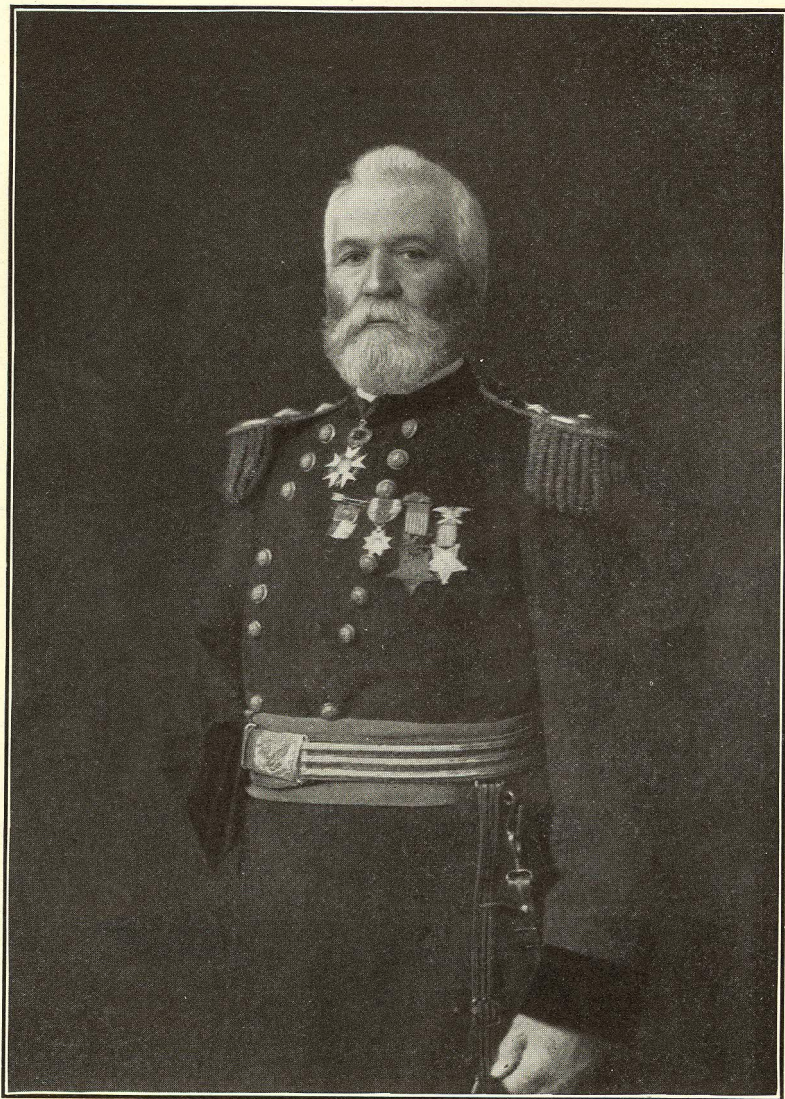
O.O. Howard Collection

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O.O. Howard.

MAJOR-GENERAL. U. S. ARMY, RETIRED



GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.



IN MEMORY OF
GEN. OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

If of dear Howard I should write,
Howard so rich in fame,
I'd dip my pen in the sun's own light,
And write one glorious name.

I'd write the name of a soldier true,
And statesman pure and tried;
No nobler son e'er wore the blue,
Or fought on victory's side.

A soldier, too, of the real cross,
In faith and word and deed,
And earthly gain he counted dross
To reap eternal meed.

He felt no shame to be the friend
Of hapless sons of toil;
He spent his life to help them rend
The hold of slavery's coil.

He was above the lust of gold,
And raised from sordid sod,
The view of freedmen to behold
The nobler things of God.

He built far wiser than he knew
Fair Howard, rich in fame,
And richer far, old White and Blue,
Is thine own precious name.

When ripe in years he went to meet
His reward in the land afar,
Our God Himself came forth to greet
Him as he crossed the bar.

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